

TWENTY PAGES.

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

PAGES 1 TO 8.

VOL. XIX.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 6, 1888.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

JOHN KEELY
'SELLING OUT!'

Still further reductions in the price of goods. No matter about the price now!

THE GOODS MUST BE SOLD.

ANOTHER CUT IN THE PRICE OF EVERYTHING.

SPRING SILK AS LOW AS 25¢ YARD!

50 pieces of 75¢ Spring silks reduced last week to 50¢. Reduced still further this week to 37½¢ yard!

JUST HALF PRICE!

60¢ Colored Satins REDUCED to 27½¢

TO CLOSE OUT!

But \$1 Colored Satin, reduced to 50¢!
Best quality \$1.50 Gros Grain Silks, all colors

REDUCED TO 85¢ A YARD.

PARASOLS ALMOST GIVEN AWAY!

500 fine Parasols at about half price!
Silk Umbrellas for ladies' and gents at one-half their value.

Slaughter of Fine White Goods.

150 pieces, lovely quality, White Striped India Linens, reduced from 12½¢ to 8¢ a yard.

50 pieces, superbly fine, Cream Momic Cloths, reduced from 20¢ to 10¢ a yard.

25 pieces extra fine quality, India Lawns, reduced from 18¢ to 10¢ a yard.

25 pieces large checked White India Linen Dress Goods, 35¢ goods, reduced to 18¢. Lovely goods.

Extra fine white Persian Lawns—given away.

35¢ quality, Plain White Persian Lawns, reduced to 22¢.

40¢ quality, Plain White Persian Lawns, reduced to 25¢.

50¢ quality, Plain White Persian Lawns, reduced to 30¢.

60¢ quality, Plain White Persian Lawns, reduced to 40¢.

EMBROIDERIES!

50 pieces full yard and a quarter wide Swiss Skirtings, reduced to 45¢, 60¢, 75¢, 85¢ and so on.

THIS PLACES THEM BEFORE YOU AT HALF PRICE.

100 pieces of very finest grade Swiss Skirtings at greatly cut prices.

Bargains! Bargains!

LACES.

PRICES OF LACE GOODS CUT ALL TO PIECES.

Yard and a quarter wide white and cream Egyptian Lace Skirtings reduced to 25¢, 35¢, 50¢, 75¢, 100¢, 125¢, 150¢, 175¢, 200¢, 225¢, 250¢, 275¢, 300¢, 325¢, 350¢, 375¢, 400¢, 425¢, 450¢, 475¢, 500¢, 525¢, 550¢, 575¢, 600¢, 625¢, 650¢, 675¢, 700¢, 725¢, 750¢, 775¢, 800¢, 825¢, 850¢, 875¢, 900¢, 925¢, 950¢, 975¢, 1000¢, 1025¢, 1050¢, 1075¢, 1100¢, 1125¢, 1150¢, 1175¢, 1200¢, 1225¢, 1250¢, 1275¢, 1300¢, 1325¢, 1350¢, 1375¢, 1400¢, 1425¢, 1450¢, 1475¢, 1500¢, 1525¢, 1550¢, 1575¢, 1600¢, 1625¢, 1650¢, 1675¢, 1700¢, 1725¢, 1750¢, 1775¢, 1800¢, 1825¢, 1850¢, 1875¢, 1900¢, 1925¢, 1950¢, 1975¢, 2000¢, 2025¢, 2050¢, 2075¢, 2100¢, 2125¢, 2150¢, 2175¢, 2200¢, 2225¢, 2250¢, 2275¢, 2300¢, 2325¢, 2350¢, 2375¢, 2400¢, 2425¢, 2450¢, 2475¢, 2500¢, 2525¢, 2550¢, 2575¢, 2600¢, 2625¢, 2650¢, 2675¢, 2700¢, 2725¢, 2750¢, 2775¢, 2800¢, 2825¢, 2850¢, 2875¢, 2900¢, 2925¢, 2950¢, 2975¢, 3000¢, 3025¢, 3050¢, 3075¢, 3100¢, 3125¢, 3150¢, 3175¢, 3200¢, 3225¢, 3250¢, 3275¢, 3300¢, 3325¢, 3350¢, 3375¢, 3400¢, 3425¢, 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A BAPTISM OF FIRE

Souvenirs of a Six Weeks' Siege
of the Gate City,THE FIGHT FOR ATLANTA,
Her First Shell and Her Last
Shot.

For the Constitution.

FIRST ARTICLE.

It was a hot July morning in the sultry

year of 'sixty-four.

Within its blood-red circle of redoubts and

breastworks the beleaguered city sweltered

and throbbed in an agony of terror and tumult.

The Atlanta of that day was the most im-
portant stronghold of the confederacy. It was
at once a city and a camp. Thirty thousandcitizens and forty thousand soldiers were pack-
ed within its bristling ramparts, awaiting the

onslaught of the eighty thousand foemen

whose flaunting colors could be seen advanc-
ing from every direction.

In the crowded streets good natured anarchy

ruled the hour, and the occasional rattle-dub-
dub of a drum and the blare of a bugle werelost in the dull, grumbling roar of moving ar-
tillery trains and army wagons.

On some of the spacious Peachtree plazas

groups of young ladies might have been seen

chatting with a few officers whose bronzed faces

and battle-marked uniforms showed plainly

enough that they were from the front.

Suddenly there rose above the humming dis-
cord of camp and city a hideous, shrieking,whizzing noise, so unearthly and blood curd-
ling that thousands of peaceful citizens turned

white with fear, and fled aimlessly from one

point to another.

"A shell, by God!" exclaimed a cavalry of-
ficer who was in the act of mounting his horse

near the corner of Peachtree and Ellis.

It was the first shell of the siege, and it had

fallen inside of the city limits.

The soldiers shrugged their shoulders and
laughed, and then the most reckless of them
looked serious for a moment. They were

thinking of the women and children who were

about to go through the coming baptism of fire.

Mr. Tom Cruselle, who had been watching

Hoover's batteries on Todd's hill, a little

elevation northeast of Ponce de Leon spring,

was standing in his front yard, the present site

of Colonel Bob Maddox's residence, when the

shell came plumping through the air.

He could have sworn that it was heading

straight for the spot on which he stood, but a

a strange fascination compelled him to watch it

curving course until it tore its way into Mr. A.

C. Ladd's lot, opposite the well known Calico

house on Wheat street.

Mr. Cruselle did not waste any time in

fancy speculations. He was a man of action,

and he felt that the time had come for him to

prepare for the worst.

It was not an easy matter to secure help,

but in less than an hour he had several men

hard at work digging a bomb-proof in his back

yard. As the whole city was honeycombed

with just such dug-outs in the course of a day

or two, a picture of this one will describe them

all.

The bomb-proof was twenty feet long, seven

feet wide and nine feet deep. The entrance to

it was in a zig zag shape. It was well lined

with thick plank and carpeted. Great care

was taken with the covering. First, heavy

timbers were laid across the trench, and then

a mountain of closely packed clay, twenty-one

feet high, was piled on top.

In this small little retreat, for the next forty

days three families spent a considerable part

of their time. Only two shells hit during

the siege. There was a fragrant jar when one

of them, a thirty-pounder, exploded, but the

fortress held its own. ****

from the dust and speeding away like the

wind.

A hundred muskets belched forth a sheet of

flame, but when the smoke lifted, the daring

confederate was on his horse clattering over a

hill half a mile away. ****

His last shot had brought down its game

and a federal soldier dragged himself to the

sidewalk with a bullet in his thigh!

Not another gun was fired, and Sherman's

stern legions marched on, spreading over the

town like a mighty blue wave, a rushing tor-
rent of glittering steel and starry flags. The

long struggle for Atlanta was over!

THE OLD COLONEL.

Written for the Constitution.

Half an hour with nothing to do, a mind
which will not be at rest [draws] upon itself
for employment. And then comes the startling
revelation that its musty recollections,
though gathered within a generation, are more
ancient than stories first told on parchments
of a thousand years.

THEY ARE FORGOTTEN.

The Human Comets of a Day
Discussed.

WHOSE CAREERS ARE OVER.

Ancient Men Whose Names are New, While
Those of Modern Men are Old.

pieces, or for some preacher to make a sensation. As the aspiring politician watches the prominence which is given to him he becomes elated, but he discovers that his defeat furnishes just as good an article as his victory.

The world has become a nervous organism, with its electric lines stretching out in every direction, while every newspaper office is a great nerve center. From THE CONSTITUTION editorial rooms butts the pressure of a finger-tip calls up San Francisco, arranges the sleeping citizen of Berlin, or sends messengers into the presence of the czar of Russia. Thus, when the first shot was fired in Alexandria at 7:20 a. m. it was heard here at 3 p. m., four hours before, and when the hour at which the ball was fired, was marked on American clocks, THE CONSTITUTION was telling the story to its readers in Gainesville and Cartersville.

When THE CONSTITUTION, taken from the press at 3 in the morning, told of the death of Lord Beaconsfield, which took place four hours later, those who did not know that news travels across the Atlantic against time could not understand it. There was one occasion, however, on which THE CONSTITUTION beat the press of the world on a piece of news which happened 4,000 miles away. It was during the heavy strain of 1876, after the voters had gotten through with their work and the counters had begun. The visiting statesmen were in Louisiana; Chandler and his crowd were down in Florida, where they were being watched by Joe Brown. There was at the time a contest in Oregon, which was esteemed of no moment. All eyes were set on the doubtful southern states. The day for the electoral college to cast their votes arrived, and Tilden had 184 undisputed votes, needing but one more. The associated press had made up its reports, the day's work was over, and unless Tilden could hold one of the disputed southern states, he was gone. But three of their sleepers prints were lying under their cases at 4 a. m., when a frantic telegraph operator, who is now dead, dashed up, "On the square," permitted him to read a dispatch which had come over to Chandler in Florida from Oregon, which read: "Cronin cast one vote for Tilden, which has been counted." This made the necessary 185, and warranted the use of the big rooster with the verse:

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Doodle-doo!
We can count
As well as you!

The fire bells were rung, the firemen gathered up old barrels and boxes and made a huge blaze on Broad street, and Captain E. P. Howell was sent for to speak to the awakened and unterrified democracy. But, alas! it all came to naught. We could count as well as their superb rascality. Cronin, who was the hero of the day, paid strict attention to the coloring of his nose thereafter, and died young, but THE CONSTITUTION enjoyed the distinction of having established Mr. Tilden's election for one day.

Arabi was an exile; Prince Napoleon is dead; Cetewayo, after vainly endeavoring to marry Queen Victoria, has fallen out of sight; Louis Philippe is forgotten, and new figures are crowding upon the stage to claim their day. To come back to the original proposition, all that is old is not ancient, and all that is recent is not new. This may be paradoxical, but on a glance at the well known men of olden times and the forgotten men of modern times the point will be readily seen.

We do not need to leave Atlanta, however, for forgotten celebrities. How many people who press along our streets ever give a thought to the fact that the author of "The Scarlet Letter" is still alive? How many know that Louis Philippe is still alive? How many know that the author of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" is still alive? How many know that the author of "The Count of Monte Cristo" is still alive? How many know that the author of "The Three Musketeers" is still alive? How many know that the author of "The Count of Monte Cristo" is still alive?

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Arabi was an exile; Prince Napoleon is dead; Cetewayo, after vainly endeavoring to marry Queen Victoria, has fallen out of sight; Louis Philippe is forgotten, and new figures are crowding upon the stage to claim their day. To come back to the original proposition, all that is old is not ancient, and all that is recent is not new. This may be paradoxical, but on a glance at the well known men of olden times and the forgotten men of modern times the point will be readily seen.

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PERSONAL.

MRS. J. O. WHITTY AND MISS GERTHREDE Jordan have moved their residence to 54 Peachtree street, over M. & C. Bros. They will be glad to see all their customers at their new place.

DADA, IF YOU WERE NOT SO MEAN AND stingy, you would call at Oster & Co., 5 N. Broad street.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF FINE ENAMELED Wrist and silver badges. A. L. Delkin & Co., 93 Whitehall st.

BUY THE BEST CIGARS AND CHEW THE best tobacco in the city, kept by G. R. Reynolds, 15 Marietta street.

DALLAS'S DEATH DUST KILLS INSECTS AND flies of all descriptions. Simply scatter it where they are. Best and cheapest insecticide. 25 cents a box, performed for sprinkling. Matthews, Gregory & Co.

GIRLS ENTERING WOMANHOOD SHOULD USE Bradfield's Female Regulator and avoid suffering. Druggists.

WHAT'S THE GOOD OF A "THIRD PARTY"? The first party can buy a watch of Blue at a dollar a week. 56 Peachtree.

DIVORCE OF ILLINOIS—SEND 10 CTS. Advice free. Cornell & Spencer, Chicago, Ill. sun.

FINE CREAM CREAMS MANUFACTURED BY E. J. Johnson.

HELPING HAND, BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION, contains nearly 300 advertisements from ladies and gentlemen wanting correspondents. Sent three months for 10 cents. Address H. H. Hand, 70 La Salle street, Chicago, Ill. sun.

TO PAY FOUR DOLLARS FOR A CARRIAGE which you have no use for a coach and four, and are unoccupied by the driver. The place is focused, and the people of Atlanta have found it out. Telephone 265 for a coupe.

THE URGENT, BEST AND MOST EFFECTIVE remedy for diseases of the heart, kidney, blood, etc., is the new Dr. Woolley's Invigoration, which you can buy at your druggist's. Dr. Woolley's Invigoration, which you will find at your druggist's.

TRUE AIR-ROOT CHOCOLATE DROPS Manufactured by G. E. Johnson.

YOU CAN CALL YOUR LAUNDRYING DONE at the Excelsior Steam Laundry, 15 Mitchell street, at a reasonable price. Will call for and do it, too.

SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS CAN BE MADE FOR couples, bands, parties, theaters, etc. They are prompt and reliable. Address W. A. Delkin & Co., 93 Whitehall st.

FINE BOSTON BUTTERCUPS MANUFACTURED BY G. E. Johnson.

TRY COUDEN, ON ANY KIND OF SIGN, NO. 56 Peachtree.

HAVE YOU THE DROPS? IF SO, DR. H. H. Green & Sons, 305 Marietta street, can cure you, and it costs 10 cents.

WE WANT A CHEAP QUACK SIGN OR SHOW CARD, to Condon, 56 Peachtree.

LEMONS, LEMONS—MONDAY 11 morning we will have in 50 boxes 300s, at the low price of 20 cents per dozen, or 300 cents per box. G. E. Hoyt & Thor.

FINE ALMOND CROLERS MANUFACTURED BY G. E. Johnson.

COUDEN, 56 PEACHTREE, SIGNS,

THE LADY WITH PIMPLES ON HER FACE at yesterday's matinee should use B. B. B. It will quickly remove them and make her look more beautiful.

FURNITURE PACKED, SHIPPED, OR REPAIRED. L. M. Ives, 27 Marietta street.

FINE CAROCAS CHOCOLATE CREAMS Manufactured by G. E. Johnson.

FORM NO. ENTANGLING ALLIANCES. BUY watches of Blue at \$1 per week and get your watch when you make the first payment, 91 and 92 Peachtree.

MRS. J. F. BRADLEY, OF DETROIT, MICH., who has tried it, says: "Every bottle of S. S. is worth a thousand times its weight in gold."

DISEASES PECULIAR TO WOMEN, MONTHLY disorders—cured by Bradfield's Female Regulator.

THE LADY WITH PIMPLES ON HER FACE at yesterday's matinee should use B. B. B. It will quickly remove them and make her look more beautiful.

FURNITURE PACKED, SHIPPED, OR REPAIRED. L. M. Ives, 27 Marietta street.

BUSINESS MEN DERIVE GREAT SATISFACTION from the use of our "fronted" notes which waive hostilities rights and all the exemption from the use of notes, and from the use of note, 100 in a book, for 40c, or a book of 50 for 25c. We have also the above form with seven lines blank for taking a mortgage, which can be an arrowhead note, 100 in a book, for 60c. We send these paid, 100 in a book for 35c. Address The Constitution.

IT IS A FACT THAT THE WOVEN CORD BED spring and mattress is the best. Fact.

MRS. J. F. BRADLEY, OF DETROIT, MICH., who has tried it, says: "Every bottle of S. S. is worth a thousand times its weight in gold."

WE SEND BY MAIL POSTPAID TO ANY ADDRESS, 1000 FREE COUPONS, for 10c each, for warranty and claims, quiet claim, blank mortgages and blank bonds for title at the following prices: 1 blank 5 cents; 3 blanks 10 cents; 1 dozen blank 25 cents; 100 blank 50 cents. Address The Constitution, Atlanta, Ga.

DIAMONDS.

IT IS A FACT THAT THE WOVEN CORD BED spring and mattress is the best. Fact.

A LARGEST STOCK THAN EVER OF THOSE beautiful diamond-cut, Rhine stone, brilliant cuttings, with solid gold mountings, only \$1 per pair at A. L. Delkin & Co., 93 Whitehall st.

HAVE COUDEN PAINT YOU A SIGN.

DURING MONDAY AND TUESDAY WE WILL close out our pineapples at 10, 15 and 20 cents each. This bargain. Hoyt & Thor.

FINE CREAM BON BONS MANUFACTURED BY G. E. Johnson.

COUDEN WANTS YOU TO PATRONIZE HIM if you want a sign.

MRS. ERSKINE, OF THE LINEN STORE, IMMEDIATELY after we go to A. L. Delkin & Co., 93 Whitehall street.

THE ENGLISH GUINEA WAS FIRST COINED in 1674, but the best spring tonic is manufactured in Atlanta, Ga., the well known S. S.

THOSE WHO ARE TO BECOME MOTHERS should use Mother's Friend—suffering less.

W. H. BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR, passing safely the crisis.

DIAMONDS HAVE VALUE, BUT ARE NOT AS PRECIOUS AS B. B. B. to the aching invalid.

FANCY POULTRY, ETC.

SPRING AND FARM WAGONS, "OLD RELIABLE" Milburn, always on hand at the Standard Wagon company.

IT IS THE TIME TO PURCHASE THOROUGHbred horses. I can supply them from Leghorns, Light Brahma, Buff Cochin, White Minorca, Rhode Island, Pekin, and others. Japanese Bantams and black African Bantams, at \$3.00 per setting of 13, or \$3.00 for 26. Address W. B. Henderson, 54, Atlanta, Ga.

S. S. WILL, IN MY JUDGMENT, PREVENT THE CHANGING OF LIFE APPROACHES USE Bradfield's Female Regulator, passing safely the crisis.

JERSEY CATTLE.

FOR SALE—JERSEY CULL BULLS, SON OF RIO PORTER, who is the son of Prospects Rector and the famous Solider II, and of Wicral II, who is the son of the great champion of the world. Pansy Boy. Wicral II is now giving four gallons of rich milk per day. The colf is solid color with full black points. It is well developed and remarkably handsome. It has fancy breeding and is in excellent condition. It is worthy to head any herd. Apply to W. J. Campbell, this office.

THREE CALVES GRADED JERSEY COWS, for sale at \$15. Nelson street, Atlanta, Ga.

FOR SALE—THREE FINE JERSEY HEIFERS Apply to W. B. Boyd, 214 Marietta street.

REMOVAL.

WE HAVE REMOVED OUR BUSINESS FROM 27 and 29 Broad street to our new and elegant Printers' Warehouse, 23 Mitchell street, between Whitehall and Pryor. Having built this house, we have a large stock of paper, more room, more light, and increased facilities to carry a larger stock than ever before. We have also a machine shop, with an experienced master and an expert draughtsman, for the repair of presses and other printing machinery. Get our prices before placing your order for anything needed. We will be glad to see you at our office. W. B. Johnson's Supply Depot, 23 East Mitchell street, Atlanta, Ga.

BEWARE OF HARMFUL IMITATIONS OF S. S.'s Specie. They are compounded of dangerous mineral poisons. Use only the genuine S. S.

GO TO J. C. McMICHLAN & CO. FOR ALL KINDS OF PLANTS, also garden plants and seeds of all descriptions.

CODE SPECIALTIES FOR SALE BY ATLANTA S. S. Seed Co., 61 Peachtree street, German and Carroll (part) Miller, Amber and Orange Canes, Kaffir, Corn, Sweet Potato, Turnip, Turnip Root, Beans, Fat Horse Beans, Cornfield Beans; also Valentine, wax, Lima, Butter and other Snap and Pole Beans, and Potato Plants. Seed, Tomato, Cabbage and other vegetables. 1000 species, quantities to suit. Garden dust for destroying insects. Flower Pots, Garden Seed, Garden and Farm Implements. Now is the time to plan all tender vegetables. Call and see us or send our orders.

THE ATLANTIC OCEAN IS SAID TO BE 3 miles deep and the Pacific is 10 miles deep, but this does not hinder them carrying thousands of bodies of S. S. to the nations of the earth.

NOTHING SO ROBS CONFINEMENT OF PAIN as the previous use of The Mother's Friend, Bradfield's self.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN TO JOIN Blue's individual watch club and get a gold or silver watch at \$1 per week. Watches delivered to each member on first payment. Nearly a dozen watches guaranteed five years.

THE COVEN COORD BED SPRING AND LIGHT weight mattress ought to be in your house, whether you rent or own your house. Factory, 16 East Hunter street.

FOR RENT—SEVERAL NEW THREE AND four room houses, good neighborhood, apply Dr. F. E. Reynolds, 19 Marietta st.

GO TO G. E. REYNOLDS, 19 MARIETTA ST., for your tobacco and cigars.

COUDEN, 56 PEACHTREE, DELIVERS SIGNS when promised.

FINE NUT FON BONES MANUFACTURED BY G. E. Johnson.

THE LINEN STORE, CORNER WHITEHALL and Alabama streets, has a full line of household linens.

FINE CORAL FRUITS MANUFACTURED BY G. E. Johnson.

COUDEN, 56 PEACHTREE, MAKES FINE GOLD signs for stores and offices.

FOR RENT—ONE SEVEN ROOM HOUSE, HOMES CORNER Parke and Poplar streets, No. 35, within 2 blocks of the post office, with good water and modern improvements. Apply to Dr. F. E. Reynolds, 19 Marietta st.

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LAMP CHIMNEYS.



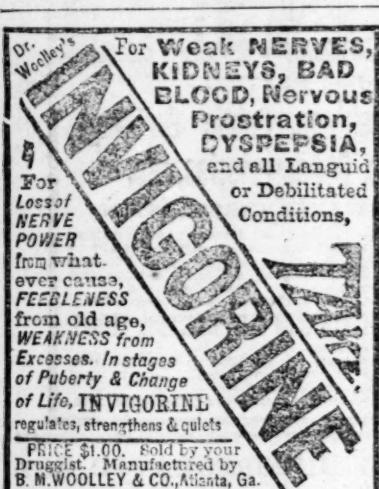
This is the Top of the GENUINE Pearl Top Lamp Chimney. All others, similar are imitation.

This exact Label is on each Pearl Top Chimney. A dealer may say and think he has others as good, BUT HE HAS NOT. Insist upon the Exact Label and Top. For Sale Everywhere. MADE ONLY BY GEO. A. MACBETH & CO., Pittsburgh, Pa. For sale by DOBES & WEY, Atlanta, Ga. top col n or fol rm

OFFICES FOR RENT.

TRADERS BANK BUILDING.

OFFICES AND BUSINESS ROOMS, SUITABLE for physicians, lawyers, brokers, etc., now to be had at the new building on Peachtree street opposite Kimball house. These offices will be ready for occupancy May 1st, and are fitted with every modern convenience and appointments. Ask for a clear description. A few offices can be finished at an earlier date if necessary. Room can be had in a large room on second floor at a low rental. For terms apply to E. F. GUTHRIE, Kimball House, 8d.



At wholesale by Lamar, Rankin & Lamar, Smith & Bradfield, A. G. Candler & Co., and A. J. Haltwanger. 8p

J. C. HENDRIX. J. L. HARRISON

J. C. HENDRIX & CO.

Lot street lot between Cain and Ellis. Lot on Wheat street, 8900, 50x200. New 5 room house Jones st, \$1,900, 50x200. East Fair street lot 50x100. Good lot West 1st street \$700. 50x200 Capitol avenue \$700. 2 room house, 40x10, \$50. Hotel \$500. 7 room house, 40x10, \$500. 118 Nelson street, \$2,500. 15 Walker street, \$2,500. 4 acres, Washington street, cheap. 50x100, Formatt street, \$900. 6 room house Hood street. Lot 50x100 Hood street. 50x100 Atlanta Manufacturing Co. stock. 5 room house, 45 Plum street, lot 4x100, \$1,000; must be sold. 6 room house, 105 Magnolia, lot 4x120, fronting on two streets, \$1,000. 9 Capitol avenue lots which will be sold together at a bargain. Call and make us an offer. 2 subdivided lots on Gartrell street, beauties, at a bargain.

Large lot on Richardson street, near Pryor, fine location. Beautiful building lots, well shaded, near E. T. and glass works; \$200, 1/4 cash.

Lots on Boulevard, corner, 100x185, \$1,500, easy terms. Several blocks on Ponce de Leon avenue.

Ten lots on Boulevard and Jackson street, 80x300, \$2,500, easy terms, overlooks city and country. 9 room house, a/c lot, beautifully shaded, every convenience, all sorts of fruit, one of the prettiest houses in the city.

Some blocks on Peachtree street on Pryor street. Lot on Luckie, between Simpson and Alexander must be sold.

Some choice blocks in West End. All classes of property for sale. We can rent a number of cottages from 5 to 8 rooms to good permanent tenants.

J. C. HENDRIX & CO. 8p. 51 Broad St.

SIXTY SUBURB LOTS! AT AUCTION.

Monday, May 7th—Grand Picnic at West End—W. M. Scott, Auctioneer.

WE WILL SELL ON THE PREMISES MONDAY, May 7th, at 10 o'clock a.m., 60 half acres comprising lots at West End, one block from the "Peachtree line." These lots face on Holderness, Green, Atwater, and Sibley Avenues. The location is a grand one, overlooking the city and surrounding country for many miles, taking in Kennesaw, Lake, and the surrounding country. Nowhere else about Atlanta do we know of so many beautiful sites as are found right here. No one can visit the place and not be struck with the situation as being the place to be.

The situation and surroundings guarantee a rapid growth and steady enhancement in values. No tenement houses can be built here to fail to agree with us that this is the best destruction property ever put on the market for homes. West End is growing more rapidly than any other portion of Fulton county, and the prices are increasing by 30 per cent in any other section about the city.

The long time given on these choice lots will enable any one to secure a nice home, or an investment that will double in value in a short time, and be doubled again.

To those who are interested in West End, we say to you, go with us and see the advantages we offer. No objectionable neighborhood to go through. You will drive over macadamized roads.

NO CATE TAXES. Good schools and church facilities. No such property, large, beautiful lots—ever offered in a location so well shaded by good neighbors, where there is no chance of being disturbed. There are many other reasons should at least induce you to give us this day.

On the 25th of last week we took a party of shrewd northern capitalists over this property, who asked us to name our price for it. We told them it was not for sale. They were half a mile further out and invited a large number, but the price was so high they are to be out and lay out as an elegant residence park, to be known as "Westwood." This property will put up houses, will bring fine prices. With the United States government paying a million dollars only a mile south, nothing can keep this property from quadrupling in value in two years.

Ladies Expected to go: We want the ladies to understand that we have had every arrangement made so that they have a day's outing. We will picnic in a beautiful grove, and when we are through looking over the ground, the sale will open at 10:30 promptly, and continue until the lots are sold, after which we will have a grand social meeting, the honors to be mine host. Take the cars at Broad street bridge—free ride. Cars run every half hour. Plenty to eat.

TITLES PLENTY. TAXES ALL PAID. Terms: One for 1/2 cash, balance 6, 12 and 18 months, 8 per cent interest.

We will build houses this year, we will extend the payment to any time within three years if desired. Call at our office for plan and further information. Sale at 10:30 a.m. May 4th. M. Scott & Co., Real Estate Agents, 9 Kimball House, 8p.

"WANT MANY WIVES."

Georgia Furnishing a Great Many Mormons.

WHAT THE PERSUASIVE ELDER ARE DOING

In Tennessee, the Carolinas and Georgia.

LATTER DAY SAINTS

And How They Live—Mormonism; its Doctrines and Beliefs.

Special Correspondence Constitution.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, April 26.—"Georgia and Tennessee furnish us more converts than any other two states in the union," said a prominent Mormon elder today, "and Alabama, the two Carolinas and Mississippi come next, in the order named. How do we get them? Why, we proselyte them, of course. We have a large number of missionaries now at work in the south, and we are reaping a great harvest of souls. We are called 'Mormons,' but this is an erroneous title, as we are a purely religious, worshipping community, whose collective title is the 'Church of Jesus Christ.'"

LATTER DAY SAINTS.

"Our mission and our teachings are greatly misunderstood by those who live in the east. In the south we find greater receptiveness of mind; the people are of simple faith and the seeds of our great and glorious gospel take root quickly. We have met with great success, though with some repulses and misfortunes; scammers have offered inducements to our missionaries, but we still work unadvised. We look upon Georgia as the most promising state in the union; we believe the propagation of our doctrines there—and in Tennessee—will be rapid, and will, in time, result in the establishment of our worship in the larger or more populous cities. Of the other southern states it is difficult to speak at this time. A bitter feeling seems to have sprung up against us in Alabama, and this is perpetuated by the Herald press; in fact we find the hardest people to fight. As to the number of converts made by our missionaries, it would be impossible to get statistics unless through the railway offices as the chiefs of our order are not inclined to make public the strength of our denomination. In 1880 there were, in Utah, 120,283 so-called 'Mormons,' 6,888 Apostate Mormons, 892 Josephite Mormons, 1,710 doubtful, and 14,356 Gentiles. Since then

OUR RANKS HAVE INCREASED rapidly until it is almost impossible to give correct figures. In Salt Lake City there are 25,200 Latter-day Saints, and less than 5,000 Gentiles." Mr. J. H. Bennett, general passenger agent of the Denver and Rio Grande railway, was interviewed on the subject of southern converts to Mormonism. "They bring in a great many," said he, "principally from Georgia and the Carolinas. One party came on in our line, only the other day, from that section, numbering over 200. Several parties of 40 to 50 have been sent by the missionaries, and a large party from the Carolinas arrived here early in April. It would be impossible to get any exact figures." Mr. J. H. Bennett, general passenger agent of the Denver and Rio Grande railway, was interviewed on the subject of southern converts to Mormonism. "They bring in a great many," said he, "principally from Georgia and the Carolinas. One party came on in our line, only the other day, from that section, numbering over 200. 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CER
SEASES

Kidneys and Digestive

about throughout this section of such symptoms as pale and listless countenance, headache, bitter coated tongue, hacking cough, pain in the eyes, urine and high colored, all of which are less, often producing a scalding and depositing a sediment of impeding trouble. A symptom of impeding trouble, a condition of irregularity of appetite, flatulence, bowels constipated, with a circumscribed stupor, vertigo and palpitation of the heart, and a thousand other symptoms which are not symptoms of any one case, nor are there two cases. Dr. Tucker has had a vast number of cases of this character, and would tell you if you are afflicted to get relief from your malady by

AND PISTULA

of the rectum, such as fissures

and hemorrhoids, but Dr. Tucker, without failure to cure

a fair amount has been given

to the treatment is not painful,

patient to the house.

fails to effect a cure when disease

disposition, aversion to society

of all the vital powers, induced

by sympathies with this class of

and as secretly confidential. All

that way than by meeting the

own language. After receiving

a full understanding of

and occupation. Follow

investigation, and is at all times

a sympathetic friend and

to cured patients will always be

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TULON so ordering that he be

every man to his house in

the County of Richmond on the

June, 1888, between the legal hours

and twenty six shares of the capital

Georgia Railroad and Banking Com-

pany for the purpose of paying

and to the sum of \$1,000,000.

WILLIAM H. CLAYTON,

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and running order. Chas. Vil.
IN GOOD ORDER, WITH
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iron universal rip and cut-
off saws. S. Nix, or call and see the

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Rubber company, 16 Dec-
atur street.

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street.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A Glance Over the Literary Field.

COLONEL JOHNSTON'S STORIES.

A May Magazine—News and Notes About Authors.

tend, no doubt, in company with hundreds of others to Professor LeConte, a distinguished son of our own beloved state, our most hearty thanks.

J. G. ARMSTRONG.

The May Scribner's was somewhat tardy in its appearance, hence our failure to notice it in our last Sunday's paper. We take it up to day, however, glancing hurriedly between its covers, and here is what we find:

Impress, comes a breezy little story of the "Steamer's Track." It is a delicious bit of writing, full of salt and sunshine. The two poems that follow, "The Bitter Sweet of Spring," by Edith M. Thomas, and "The Hill Path," by Duncan Campbell Scott, are stale and commonplace. In the next article Mr. Austin Dobson discourses in a learned and lively manner upon the life and genius of one of the brightest stars in literature, one whose name is like a household word wherever the English language is spoken, viz: "Alexander Pope." Supplementary to this is a poem by the same author is presented. And a charming poem it is, the most charming we have read these many days. Indeed, so fascinating is it in both of thought and structure that we offer it to the reader in its entirety, and for so doing we make no apology:

A DIALOGUE

To the memory of Mr. Pope.

Poet. Friend.

Friend. What, Pope, the Twelfth Bard, Whom Dennis, Cibber, Thibault push'd so hard! Pope of the Dunce! Who'd d'ar to woo, And then to libel, Worley Monkgut?

P. Scandals all!

Mr. Julian Hawthorne has become the literary critic of the new Chicago weekly, "America."

Walter Crane is about to publish "Five Fairy Tales."

From the south now appears a novel remarkable in many respects, among which we note especially fair dealing with his subject, liberality of thought and an earnest desire to set right the minds and hearts of both north and south. Its author, Francis Fontaine, of Atlanta, Ga., was himself a confederate soldier, and his book breathes that spirit of brotherliness and frank acceptance of the outcome of the war which characterizes especially the soldiers, and, we believe, mainly the people of the south. Mr. Fontaine's novel, "Elowah, a Romance of the Confederacy," covers the greater portion of the war, and is carried on through the kukulx horrors, the troubous adjustment of affairs at the time, to the present time—especial stress being laid on the enormities of the convict system of Georgia. The author's chief personages are of the chivalric class who owned allegiance first to family, then to the state, then to their country, and so without desire of or faith in secession, followed the call of their state and shared its fortunes. There are two principal families, the Latanes and the Dearings. When the young men join the state troops, the young women remain at home to encourage and help in such ways as fall to women. All the time twill happen to come to all. And another comes in with his brinch and his bell. To teach the young urchins to read and to spell. The old men sped by and Mrs. Magill, still in her pink, comes in with the news: And harder she studies and wiser she grows. Till the whole book of sines and cosines she know. All the facts that the grim old Greek had arrayed for the young. And every poor little reader to please. For she thoughts if there is any poor little reader to please, She'd set right the birds and the trees. As some time twill happen to come to all. And another comes in with his brinch and his bell. And another comes in with his brinch and his bell. To teach the young urchins to read and to spell. The old men sped by and Mrs. Magill, still in her pink, comes in with the news: And harder she studies and wiser she grows. Till the whole book of sines and cosines she know. And fairer becomes, as the summers go by. For longer they must in her cheek and her eye. The sun turns on with his nose-covered wheel, and lays his golden rays on the land. While below, 'twen the banks that are shady and cool, The young dots he hid in his favorite pool. Dot caustiously nibble the young truant's hook. And again goes to sleep in his bed in the brook. And the brook dances on by the school on the hill. And the fairies come and the flowers come, Sparkling with mirth and singing with glee, Goes sparkling along to his home in the sea.

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News and Notes.

ND HEED.

LUCK THAT WINS FIGHT.

and Truth From the business—How to Be successful.

CONTAINED several interesting lawyers and business took a text and preached this.

CONSTITUTION publishes an practical sermons men of note, where examination. Their words of doubtless carry weight with ambition it is to be sure.

To succeed a young man well-balanced head and he must

about a young man succeed must be true to himself. He must be pretty much all the life. Character is the basis. He must be truthful. If possible for him to win the confidence and retain it. I have made my life to keep faith

will not tell do a thing unless I intend tell a man that I will do more than anything else. I

I may have achieved in will pursue this course, he money credit, but he will be far better. He will have fellow men, which is necessary business. A young man in order to accumulate in order to for a rainy day. He must thin his income. He must makes—and it is of the utmost to pay his debts. Of course, unless he has a well

PARENTS and guardians do what he is best fitted for, stick to it. Let him care the stock of themselves, and

can be laid down as a guide to just entering life on vocations in life are so success being accordingly give the advice asked. I

more life are at stake of starting life on a no taste or adaptation man should be very care- able or profession, and his help build him in his de- tention, on his choice de- life. There are sources of light at this time be the forge, welding a hand- man, and on the other hand a relatively large number of men, who ought to have course and who, if they had, had to success an easy one, raised on my father's farm, managed until I was sixteen I was sent to school and was engineer. At the age of twenty work for myself and received two for my services."

I considered that two dollars a month to live comfortable

commence savings."

until I had a salary of a

and of this amount I saved dollars. I always reversed

pence and the pounds will

by saving the pounds and

out for themselves and I

good rule. I have never yet

since I was twenty years

as much money there as my

is no reason why any man

be without money. Care

success and happiness in

and up and expressed in four

young man who would

keep this saying of Mr. Car

the time. Any man who

industrious and chooses the

situation and ability incline

that success will crown his

—If working for others look

out, and when you enter a busi

one natural to look to your own

and pile up your fortune little by

I succeeded first of all

them to exercise patience

and perseverance. If he is an

sufficiently whether he will

the manner in which he

he strives to do his very best,

player is not watching him

amount of change in the till

and he could as easily keep

not later when sent out

to his meals, but pays

busines and is always to be

not take a prophet to tell

that boy any more than it

will rise tomorrow morning

the west. A boy should not

gets but should try to earn a

in this way he will attract the

he will get all he earn

I contracted to work six

At the end of two months my

to pay me twelve dollars and

the remaining four months,

we out they raised my salary

a month, and from time to

were made until at the end or

\$200 a month, which was

in a clerk in Atlanta and

served enough to turn into busi

climbed up the higher

The great trouble with a

but are home

I will try first one

and before he knows it he

of life and has accomplished

that you decide to do, stick to

up in the branch, do

at the amount the current

the harder. A man never

that it did not leave him the

sure is an old adage, but a

surprising and Popular."

in

too much to say that the

journal now published in

is THE CONSTITUTION, of Al-

ligly Democratic as regards all

and the tariff; it is most en-

as a newspaper; it is witty

and the intellectual ability

to the consideration o

is gained for it the eminent

consent, it occupies.

Other Kind.

(of Boston)—So brother

I was an eloquent; that is

they were not noticed.

of intellect?"

a picture and sweetas-

as

Today Savannah leads the league, with a

record of four games won and one lost; Columbus is

second, August third, while Atlanta is last. The

record is:

W. L. W. L.

Savannah.....4 1

Columbus.....3 2

Atlanta.....1 4

Savannah Wins Again.

Savannah, Ga., May 5.—[Special.]—Augusta

the second game to Columbus this afternoon

through bad playing and base running, and for the

want of cool judgment on the part of the captain.

Columbus was unfortunate and played badly and

worse.

Laidlow, of Columbus, while batting was so dis-

able that he had to retire from the game. He was

deceived by his own ball and in dodging turned so

as to get hit in the right side.

SCORE:

Columbus.....0 1 4 5 0 3 0 0 2 14

Augusta.....0 1 4 5 0 3 0 0 2 12

Errors.....2 1 4 5 0 3 0 0 2 12

Columbus 9; Augusta, 15. Earned runs—Augusta, 1.

The Day's Races.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., May 5.—[Special.]—On

the seventh day of the spring meeting the track was

in excellent condition and very fast.

First race, four furlongs. Kidnap first, Navigator

second, Fred Fink third. Time, 50.

Second race, five furlongs. Parson first, Parish

second, Due B. third. Time, 50.

Third race, five furlongs. Pennington won, Come-

der second, Fild third. Time, 50.

Fourth race, one mile. White Nose first, Leo H. sec-

ond, Jackson third. Time, 1:15.

Fifth race, one mile. Queen of Miles, Paragraph

first, Tierra Cotta second, Emperor of Norfolk third.

Time, 2:07.

THROUGH THE CITY.

The Fulton Building and Loan association

will hold its annual meeting next Tuesday

night at 7:30 o'clock, when the election of of-

ficers will take place. The association was

organized one year ago, and its success has

been great. The club will doubtless

play good ball, and the season will be brilliant

opened.

Our little club hasn't done as well away from

home as it should have done, the management

had hoped that it would win two games from Au-

gusta, and it should have done so.

The National Association of Engineers, At-

lanta, will hold its annual meeting on Saturday

at 7:30 p.m., May 12, 1888. Short

speeches will be made by J. C. P. Johnson, S.

L. F. Edge, G. A. Buchanan, T. E. Grimes and

others.

The Sixth Baptist church is coming to the

city to hold its annual meeting on Saturday

at 7:30 p.m., May 12, 1888.

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LUMBER COMPANY.

◇SAM SMALL'S BANK DEPOSIT IN BOSTON◇ IS NOT SO LARGE AS WILLINGHAM'S LUMBER STOCK IN ATLANTA!

Sam Small is Trying to Build Up the Third Best Party (?),
BUT THE WILLINGHAMS HAVE ALREADY BUILT UP THE

FIRST BEST-SPLIT WOOD PULLEY EVER OFFERED TO THE WORLD!

Sam Small is going to give up the "Old Parties," and so are Willingham & Co. and every Machinist going to

Do Away With the Old, Heavy Iron Pulley and Substitute the Split-Wood Pulley!

The workshops of Cincinnati are tearing down their old Iron Pulleys and placing instead, the WILLINGHAM SPLIT-WOOD PULLEY. Every Pulley Guaranteed, and if the work is not perfect,

NO MONEY REQUIRED!

SEND FOR PRICE LIST AND OTHER PARTICULARS!

Sam Small is going to offer to the South a Low-Priced Party, but Willingham & Co. have determined to sell, during the month of May, the LOWEST-PRICED

LUMBER, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,

In fact everything in the BUILDING LINE, ever offered to the Southern Builders and Consumers. Don't forget to try one of the SPLIT-WOOD PULLEYS. Address

TELEPHONE 1020.

WILLINGHAM & CO.,

64 Elliott Street, Atlanta, Ga.

KING OF THE DUDES.

▲ TALK WITH MR. BERRY WALL, OF NEW YORK,

On the Subject of Dress—Why Mr. Wall Is Called the "King of the Dudes" Among His Associates.

Evander Berry Wall, who for five years has been familiarly known as the king of toh dudes, was married a couple of months ago, as the public was duly informed at the time, and since has been residing in New York with his wife. Mr. Wall's friends unite in declaring, after an experience of these two months with him, that he has been in no way changed by his marriage. He is precisely the same as a benedict as he was in the days of his bachelorthood. He spends his time pretty much in the same fashion, cherishes and cultivates the same tastes and, what is more important so far as his kingship is concerned, wears the same clothes in the same effective way. He is still a club man, a sporting man and a man of fashion. It is understood that since his marriage his mother has agreed to give him an allowance of \$10,000 a year, and as the young man is clever enough to make considerable money in other ways, both on the turf and in Wall street and occasionally in trade, his aggregate income ought to be considerable.

Young Wall talks well. He does not claim to read much, but he goes about among men who are in the swim, hears a lot of interesting talk and, as he apprehends a point readily and has a retentive memory, he is a pretty well informed man. So far the matter of dress is concerned and the general matter of personal adornment, he looks upon it as a matter of importance.

"Yes, I have given considerable attention to dress," he said the other day, in conversation, "more so, probably, than most men. One thing, I have always had a man. You have to have one. It saves a fellow a lot of money."

Mr. Wall was speaking at the time in his rooms at the Croisic apartment-house, located in Twenty-second street opposite Delmonico's. He is somewhat over the medium height, well built and has regular features, large eyes and dark hair somewhat inclined to curliness. He wore a dressing jacket gray in color and trimmed with white braid, and dark pantaloons that were as untroubled as though they had just come from the tailor's. His open jacket revealed a pale shirt, light blue in color, over which fell a white silk tie embellished with a single scarlet pin. His feet were exceedingly small and the little finger of his right hand displayed a handsome turquoise ring. The only evidence about the handsomely furnished apartments of Mr. Wall's taste were two pictures on the wall of two of the race horses which used to belong to his stable.

"You cannot do without a man," he continued, after a pause. "He irons your trousers when you have finished washing them, and irons your hat, ready to put on. He keeps your wardrobe in order, in fact. I have trousers four years old which are just as good today as the day I bought them."

"How are you able to get a man who can do all this sort of thing with entire satisfaction?" "Well, to tell you the truth, they are infernally hard to get. But there are a few of them around, and you have to look out for them. Until within a short time, I had, perhaps, the best man servant I have ever had. I had to let him go, however, because I couldn't very well afford to keep him. The man who is with me at present comes to me after I get up in the morning, remains for two or three hours, and then comes back late in the afternoon to

help me dress for dinner. He stays then until I tell him he can go."

"What is the exact nature of his duties?"

"Well, he takes entire charge of my wardrobe, my linen, my boots. If anything needs looking to, why he takes the article to the tailor and has him put it in repair. He looks after what is sent to the laundry and counts the pieces when they come back. I don't know anything about them. I don't know where anything is, not even a handkerchief. He irons my hat, brushes my coat, looks up my gloves and lays out my coat."

"I shall go out presently," he said. "I am going over to the Lams to meet Wright Sanford there. I belong to a great many clubs. I belong to the Manhattan, the Lotus and the Lamb. I usually go out to the club about half an hour before midnight and stay there for a time. If I went to bed early I couldn't sleep."

"What did you think of the newspaper articles describing or pretending to describe the clothes you wore on various days last fall, and comparing them with the raiment of Bob Hillard, the actor?"

"I didn't think anything about them particularly. I didn't mind them. I don't mind anything the newspapers say. I've got tired of doing so. Of course it is ridiculous describing Bob's clothes. Yes, I know Bob. I've known him for years. He is an exceedingly nice fellow, but I shouldn't think from what I can see casually in the street that he has very much of a wardrobe."

"When were you first called King of the Dudes, Mr. Wall?"

"Oh, five or six years ago, down at Long Branch. There was a newspaper man down there running a little weekly paper called the Surf, or some such name, who began attacking me and commenting on my dress, and naturally I resented it. I got into a little alteration with him on the hotel piazza one night and threw him off. And then there was talk of a duel. It was all nonsense. I wouldn't have met him under any circumstances."

"You had a stable up at Saratoga that year, didn't you?"

"Yes, I went in for racing for a time and did considerable at it. There is money in the business if it is looked after properly, but it has to be given strict attention or it won't pay out."

"You will spend your summer about as usual?"

"Oh, yes; I shall not make any very great change in my ordinary arrangements. I shall go down to Long Branch at the beginning of the season, and stay there for a time. I don't like Long Branch as much as I used to like it. It's so near New York that a great many people go there. About the end of June or the beginning of July I shall go up to Saratoga and probably remain there for the remainder of the season. I sha'n't go to Europe this year."

When Mr. Wall first came back from his wedding trip he had rooms at the St. James hotel. Later on, however, he moved over to the Croisic. The rooms of his apartment on the first floor overlook Twenty-sixth street. He spends his early evenings here with his young wife as a general thing, but late in the afternoon is always to be found, as of old, in the New York Club. If the early evenings are not spent in his apartments, he is very apt to attend the theater with his wife, and, as before his marriage, is usually to be distinguished in the first-night crowds at important performances. His friends thought that his marriage would certainly spoil him in more ways than one, but particularly so far as his reputation for fashion was concerned. But up to the present writing, at least, he is still, in the estimation of the fashionable youths of New York, the King of the Dudes.

Drink Malto. 25 cents a bottle.

THE DOWN-TRODDEN NEGRO.

A Few Remarks About the Way He Is Treated in the Southern States.

Luke Sharp, in Detroit Free Press.

What a splendid time a man would have in this world if he would only attend to his own business and keep out of what doesn't concern him!

The truth of this has often appeared plain to me when it was too late.

One evening I entered the smoking car of the East Tennessee, Virginia, Georgia and something else railroad at Atlanta. The train was going north when it started, and so was I. Four men had possession of the car and they, too, were going north. The four evidently knew each other and seemed to belong to the same party. They had been down south for three weeks, and I could see that they knew a great many people, and that they had suggestions people who had helped them all their lives.

The spokesman of the party was particularly severe on the southern people for their treatment of the negro.

"I am not responsible for the negro," he said. "I am going over to the Lams to meet Wright Sanford there. I belong to a great many clubs. I belong to the Manhattan, the Lotus and the Lamb. I usually go out to the club about half an hour before midnight and stay there for a time. If I went to bed early I couldn't sleep."

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Drink Malto. 25 cents a bottle.

better than we northerners do, whatever we may say."

"I am not a boor. The fact is that the negro in the south has not a single right that is respected when it is contrary to the desires of a white man. He has no chance at law; he has no chance of justice anywhere. He knows it; he feels it. He sees it is useless to struggle for his rights, and he is trying to make the best of it, as far as he can."

At this moment the car door opened and a policeman entered. It was still ten minutes before the time of leaving Atlanta. The policeman was evidently an official. He was a tall man with a severe look that meant business. He had a long, sharp, straight, black mustache. I don't know his name, so perhaps this ATLANTA CONSTITUTION will ask its criminal reporter who he is, and while he is about it he might read this account to that august official and ask him whether I exaggerate any part of it.

The tall man came in and behind him were four policemen with drawn clubs. They were evidently prepared to take us all in.

The tall official had a negro by his side and he said to him:

"Is your man here?"

"Yes, sir," said the negro. "This is heap heap man's man."

The fat man brought his stockinged feet down from the seat and looked at the officials in surprise.

"Did you ride from the other depot in this car?" he asked the other officer.

"Ride? I rode in some nigger's carriage."

"There were four of you, he says."

"Yes."

"He says you refused to pay him."

"I offered him these checks which he promised me to take, and then refused when I got here."

"Those checks are for the bus. Why didn't you come on the bus? You can't expect to ride in a carriage on bus checks."

"That's what I told 'im," said the negro.

"I think very likely you are right. You, of course, led him on to the fat man; this is a rank scoundrel and a scoundrel. I am going to see to it that he is taken to the stocks for his fare. I said we were going on the bus. He said it was all the same thing and make sure I asked him to take them to the ticket agent and see if it was all right. He is so bold, he is so bold, he is so bold."

"Where did you get all your information about the troubles of the negro?" I asked.

"Get out! Why, by keeping my eyes and ears open, of course. I've been nearly a month down here."

"Those checks are for the bus. Why didn't you come on the bus? You can't expect to ride in a carriage on bus checks."

"That's what I told 'im," said the negro.

"Now, look here, I am going to see to it that he is taken to the stocks for his fare. I am going to see to it that he is taken to the stocks for his fare."

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A MELODIOUS MIMIC.

The Feathered Shakespeare of the Southern Woods.

A SUBURBAN SERENADER!

Some Random Notes on the Mocking Bird.

Written for the Constitution.

I am not disposed to confess that the mocking-bird, whose curiously delightful performances have suggested these random notes, is in any respect an exceptional representative of his species. I am writing about him in self-defense and by way of retaliation. I have a distinct impression that he made me the subject of his contemplation and ultimate criticism long before my interest in his performances was specially aroused. We are the joint occupants of a suburban garden, and, thus far, no trouble has arisen between us; but I am convinced that the bird's title is better than mine. I make the admission the more freely since I have reason to believe he has a fine score for such procedures as result in writs of ejection. He has a habit of steadyng himself, using his long tail as a balancing pole, upon the swaying top of a young cedar near the veranda, and from that point of view examining me with critical eyes. Occasionally, at the remembrance of some grievance, doubtless, his head feathers will become ruffled, and, at such times, his attitude is strikingly belligerent; but is only for a moment. He recovers his serenity immediately, and continues his investigations with the generous impartiality so becoming to an earnest seeker after knowledge. I would like to know what his conclusions are—principally because they are unbiased. I am not prepared to say that his opinions are of no importance. His examination, which has been carried on at intervals the whole season through, has been marked by too many symptoms of acute intelligence, not to be worthy of consideration. I would rather, for instance, meet the approbation of this impartially critical bird than earn the effusive praise of my neighbor, who sends over to borrow a basket of grapes in order to have the pleasure of inquiring after my health. Am I unjust to my neighbor in this? I think not. In the first place, my neighbor lacks the gift of song. I have heard him try to exercise this lack, and I speak from the fulness of dearly-bought knowledge. In the second place, if the bird has formed an unfavorable opinion, as he probably has, (his judgment not being confused by the various interpretations of the moral code that are made to fit individual, and even national, notions and characteristics,) he judiciously keeps it to himself. Under similar circumstances, I am not by any means sure, my neighbor would be as generously reserved. Indeed, I have a conviction that he has already made me the subject of injudicious criticism in spite of the state of my health and the extent of my grape crop, and this conviction impresses me with the necessity of treating him as he treats me, with that grave and gracious politeness which is the mark of our true gentlemen the world over.

It is not to be denied that the bird has the advantage of my neighbor in this—that no custom, even his social, and not to speak of his amanuensis, even his mimicry is not ridicule. In the case of my neighbor, who is not different in this respect from other people's neighbors, the custom of having together, which was established by his barbarian ancestors, has developed into what we choose to call society; which may be more accurately described as a school of gossip and criticism, wherein your neighbor and mine, bent upon arousing interest and attracting attention, delicately unveils and exposes the poor, bony anatomy of our follies. It should be borne in mind, moreover, that, in this respect, one neighbor is no better than another neighbor: we are our neighbor's neighbors, as neighbor from his standpoint as from ours. A very entertaining topic suggests itself here, but I have no inclination to pursue your neighbor and mine through the various cycles of barbarism that have intervened since the period when each particular protoplasm founded an exclusive society of its own—a school in itself of our boarding-schools as effect science as the gum-drop age.

II.

It is not improbable that the mocking-bird, upon whose preserves I have been trespassing for a year or more, may carry his critical investigation far beyond the limits of true politeness. I could certainly resent—mentally at least—such persistent and studied observation on the part of the neighbor who borrows grapes. But, somehow, there seems to be a certain subtle slattery in the attitude of the bird, which is ample compensation for whatever bluster he may put on. Moreover, there is that larger compensation which he gives in song, for, almost invariably, when he has seemed to satisfy himself that I have made no perceptible advance in the direction of that high civilization of which he is the type, he assumes an attitude of rapturous repose, and, forthwith, improvises a most entrancing concert, providing, with indescribable art, numberless arias and choruses, to say nothing of the refrains, trills and exquisite little passages that flutter and fall from the body of the song in most surprising profusion. This, I beg the reader to believe, is not the language of eulogy, but of observation—albeit no language is capable of giving more than a faint idea of the infinite variety and sweetness of the mocking-bird's song.

Not infrequently he will gallop through the maze of his mimicry as if to show that his memory is as nimble and as perfect as his technical skill. At other times he will pursue his song through a variety of pauses, more or less tantalizing, with the lazy indifference of a master who is seemingly careless, because he knows his art so thoroughly. Occasionally, in the midst of a brilliant overture he will suddenly mount straight into the air, turn a complete somersault, and drop back upon his perch without pausing in his song. When this occurs, the practical observer knows that some golden-winged bird has been swept into this small whirlpool of music. At other times he will shift his position from the cedar to the poplar, then to the chinia tree, and thence to the chimney-top. If the season be spring, nothing seems to delight him more than to fly lazily over the pink-and-white expanse of orchard-blooms, singing as he goes. If the season be early summer, the observer will be astonished to see the bird drop from his musical height to the warm grass beneath and run daintily along, pausing occasionally to spread his wings and fold them again. If you are unable to account for this singular performance, the convenient Uncle Remus will tell you that the bird is engaged in "skeerin' up grass-oppers." A statement that is at least plausible. I am disposed to believe, however, that this maneuver is one of the various symptoms of the bird's honeymoon, and that, as such, it ought to command him to the respectful consideration, if not the sympathies, of the general public.

There are occasions when the genuine humor of the mocking-bird is a source of wonder as well as delight. Today he will go through his performance with great sobriety and discretion. Tomorrow he will return to his orchestra chair apparently in a state of great excitement

which finds expression in sudden quirks of the body and unexpected movements of the tail. Every motion seems to say: "Yesterday was a comparatively dull day with me. I feel better now, and I think we ought to have some fun." With that he will fall to, and, with surprising rapidity and effectiveness, reproduce the characteristic notes of the hundred and one little warblers and whistlers that sit and hide in the thickets and swamps—some of them no bigger than your thumb.

III.

There is something extremely pitiful in the readiness with which the mocking-bird adapts himself to the needs of those who are cruel enough to transfer him from the boldness of a wire cage; and it is the more pitiful because the adaptation is apparent and not real. Unfortunately he retains in captivity just enough of the vigor of his wild traits to captivate the thoughtless. He furnishes an excuse for the cruelty of those who sentence him to imprisonment. The delightful aviator and trickster of his song may have vanished; his feathers may be worn and soiled, and bedraggled; his tail, the rudder and compass of his flight, may have dropped out to complete the unhappy symmetry of intolerable circumstances; but his air, his attitude, and some of his antics still retain an unmistakable flavor of the woods. We have here a characteristic combination of the protests of evolution and the compensations of nature—a combination which is at once a tribute to the philosophers and a defense of those humble souls who are content to take things as they find them, provided what they find is worth the trouble. Bemused, bedraggled, and worn out by captivity, fluttering always in the direction of liberty, your caged mocking-bird still possesses attractions for those who are satisfied with such poor, faded reminiscences of nature as may be comfortably sheltered in the back-parlor. I have no doubt the back-parlor is important as a link between the barbarist of civilization and the enlightenment of human nature; but how forlorn are its manifestations! And forlornest of all is the poor mocking-bird that flutters and sings all day against the wires of its cage, and, wakes to flutter and sing in the night. The evolution of captivity which is limited by the range of its own nestlings. There is a hasty in the performance, and no part of it is slurred over. Most frequently it proceeds in a leisurely way calculated to stimulate the enthusiastic listener. Each note is distinct, and each is invested with some decent quality of attractiveness; it never sounds before. If all this mimicry is mechanical and unconscious, how does it happen that the mocking-bird never reproduces his own note of distress? I have listened for this early and late, but always in vain. He gives his note of warning and alarm, but not his note of distress. The latter is never heard until all attempts to drive intruders away from his nest have failed. It is a note difficult to describe, but if a low whistling sound be given to the first two syllables of distress, something remotely resembling the bird's note of distress will be the result. Its tone is subdued and mournful, and it is impossible to conceive of any other sound in bird-language that so nearly compels a pathetic interpretation.

That it has no effect on those who make it is business to rob the mocking-bird of his young is only another evidence of the fact that human beings are capable of any form of depravity. It is only fair to say, however, that this particular manifestation of depravity has been fostered and cultivated by the demands of those who are willing to buy the young birds. The latter is never heard until all attempts to drive intruders away from his nest have failed. It is a note difficult to describe, but if a low whistling sound be given to the first two syllables of distress, something remotely resembling the bird's note of distress will be the result. Its tone is subdued and mournful, and it is impossible to conceive of any other sound in bird-language that so nearly compels a pathetic interpretation.

It is a pleasure to defend the mocking-bird against the insinuations and misrepresentations of the poets. These, even at the height of their frenzy, seem to miss the substantial qualities and characteristics that command the bird to his friends and acquaintances. They fetch him into their verses with no thought of the seriousness of the undertaking, and leave him entangled in a mass of sentimental rhymes and inappropriate metaphors of these poets, utterly mistaking the nature and intention of the bird's humor, calls him a "moteley jester," and another, with a display of delicate nonsense, alludes to him as "winged Ariel." When he threatens to distract metre (that might be strengthened by a little disturbance) he figures as the "mocking-bird," and it seems no more than a system of malicious elimination could go no further than this.

I have sometimes thought that if Walt Whitman could have had an opportunity of meeting the mocking-bird where he is seen in his best the gray poet, in the midst of his ruds and countless suggestions, might give the rare singer his proper place in poetry; but Whitman is growing old, and the poets with fastidious and keen commercial qualities are setting up a shrill clamor in the alley-ways, crying out that they have discovered more importance in a bag of sunflower seed than in the vast procession of humanity that goes marching along the thoroughfares. If the pulsing stream of humanity attracts little or no attention, what hope is there for the mocking-bird? There is this consolation: Should the poets happen to drop their pond-lilies and their sunflower seed in front of the bird, he would shake his fastidious head and go off in search of an aesthetic bug with variegated wings.

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V.

The songs of the cat-bird and thrush are not without their special claim, but it is rank injustice to compare these modest songsters with the mocking-bird. The comparison, however, is inevitable. It is inevitable, because the mocking-bird, if he is worthy of the name, has a peculiarly pleasant way of analyzing the notes of both the cat-bird and thrush. The song of the cat-bird consists of a series of modest little trills, rendered with considerable sweetness and vivacity, and repeated over and again. These little trills, the mocking-bird performs with almost thrilling precision, but pauses indolently now and then as though expecting to hear a protest from the cherry tree, or from some leafy retreat. Sometimes he will give a part of the cat-bird's song, and then, without warning, give the curse of the woodpecker and the twitter of the chimney-swallow, returning carelessly and casually to his first intention.

VI.

The effect of such a brilliant travesty is comical in the extreme, but it is, I protest, thoroughly gentle in all its aims and bearings. It is the art of a critic who is also a humorist, and who, by reason of this special gift, is able to point out a moral by means of contrasts and incongruities. Without divesting the notes of the cat-bird and thrush of their original melody (improving upon it, indeed) the mocking-bird takes them to pieces, shows their mechanism, and quotes extracts from the note-books of other birds by way of comparison. And it is not a thankless task. Those who admire the vivacity of the cat-bird or the sweet composition of the thrush will be glad to know that what is best in the songs of each is carefully preserved by the melodious memory of the mocking-bird, and any lack of earnestness is more than compensated for by a certain brilliancy of execution which can only be negatively described.

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It is a mistake to suppose that the mocking-bird has no notes of his own, albeit he is some what capricious in using them. At night, and on rare occasions in the daytime, they serve as little interludes to the wonderful mimicry with which he fills the air. They come in the pauses and transitions of this woodland Shakespeare's vocal verse. Beginning with the rarely heard note of the jester—a swamp-bird of lonely and peculiar habits—he will reproduce with bewildering rapidity the note of the cat-bird, the whistle of the fly-catcher, the warble of the thrush, the chattering of the king-bird, and the call of the killdeer, temporarily closing the concert with a short, sharp note of his own.

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X.

From April to December, with the exception of the latter part of August and the first weeks of September, these mocking-birds continue. The bird which has been hatched in May and the other in July. In October the May bird begins to make considerable progress in their operatic studies. Their performance was limited by their experience, and the experimental character of their songs was made manifest by the fact that they sang in covert, and not from the topmost boughs of the trees. During some of the warmer days in December, I was able to hear the exercise of great care and patience, to hear the July birds singing in a dreamy whisper on the sunny side of the China tree. Their notes were barely audible, producing a mere whispering thread of song—an echo of some lost trill that somehow seemed to become identified with the ghostly rustle of the dead leaves.

I am inclined to believe that the autumn performances of the mocking-bird are more picturesque than his spring concerts, particularly if the season, as frequently happens at the south, has a hint of spring, as well as a touch of summer. He makes little excursions in the air in all directions, and, returning, drops upon the burnt-out grass on the terraces, wherein he runs nimbly, lifting now and again his white-feathered wings as if to mock the memory of his April ardors. Growing more composed as the autumn wanes, he resumes his position in the top of the poplar, a point of view from which he can safely witness the development of events. Sometimes the vagrant wind, appraising his mood, will send a flake of思想 up to him. Perhaps he cognizes

the messenger and understands the message. Springing into the air and poising gracefully for a moment, he will seize the thistledown and beat it away to his perch, where he sits and swings with a curious air of demureness. Presently he tosses the thistledown thoughtfully aside, watching it attentively as it slowly falls away. Then, when it has become a mere ghost of a speck in the sky, he will flutter after it, pursuing it with song and wing across the orchards and over the fields.

It is impossible for a thoughtful observer to view disinterestedly these traits that are so nearly allied to the caprices of the human mind. For my part, I am painfully aware of the fact that my acquaintances are not as attractive as the bird. Their petty little experiences, or their petty little lack of experiences, as the case may be, rise between us as a wall, and upon each particular wall an obtrusive personality, more or less offensive, is always on guard. Even the sociability of these acquaintances is one phase of war. When you meet your neighbor he draws forth, with a fine flourish, his capital A, and you do yours, and there is a terrific struggle as to which capital I shall gain the advantage. When a person has courage enough to get from behind his capital A and the knick of telling of the wonderful sight beyond, his contemporaries, with one accord, cry out that he is a man of imagination, and yet the mocking-bird, with no difficulty, is able to contend against, has never been made much of by critics or by historians. This is probably owing to the fact that neither the one nor the other is particularly interested in showing that egotism is not a necessary accompaniment of individuality.

VIII.

There are nights and nights. That is to say, there are nights when the mocking-birds sing and nights when he is silent. These are his singular advantages: the night, as well as the day, is all his own, and he sings only when the moon is upon him. Such privileges as these are instinctive. Of the twenty-four hours, gentle reader, how few are yours own! You must sleep, you must eat, you must work, you must calculate and contrive, and you must make all the alarming sacrifices that society demands. You cannot be said to have the evening for your own, for the probability is that the young ladies of the neighborhood hang their pianos as vigorously as they do their hair; and even if there is no chorus of pianos, you will doubtless hear your neighbor across the way drag his chair from the supper-table to the piazza, and your sense of freedom and possession (which the male and female hysterics call loneliness) is seriously embarrassed. The most offensive trespassers are those who never set foot on your domain, and you feel that your neighbor is trampling upon your rights. The screen of morning-glory vines, the hedge of roses and the stone wall between you do not serve to render his presence less aggressive. Or, perhaps, the moon shines forth as a disturber of the peace. It is the moon, a famous affair with the poets, but, after pleading to all their allegations, the fact remains that there is nothing like the moon for destroying the wonderful perspective that lies between the mind of the thoughtful man and the vast, deep silences of the night. It is only when the fatigued pianos are closed (with a bang), when your neighbor has dragged his chair and himself to bed, when all the lights are out, when the darkness seems to absorb and appropriate all things, that you stand face to face with the invisible, mysterious forces of nature. What is it that comes out of the far woods and takes possession of the garden? What is it that accompanies the vast pulsations of silence that rise and fall with the wind? What is this vague, incomprehensible presence that seems to stand by your side and fill all the earth with new and thrilling mystery? Nothing fits the mood and the hour as completely as the penetrating voice of the mocking-bird. Without warning, he will break forth from the cedar-bush and repeat his melodious dreams to the spirit of the darkness. Whether the song be loud and persistent, or subdued and fragmentary, it leaves one imbued with that feeling of delicious restfulness which impels a little child, in the middle watches of the night, to lift its face, kiss its mother, and sink back to slumber.

J. C. H.

Just Lazy. I'm the laziest man, I reckon, that a mortal ever seen! Got money? Nay, dollar! I wasn't built for greed. For grasin' an' for grinnin' where the revenue is found: I'm what you'd call a lazy 'un-jes' built for lyin' round! Contented? Mighty right I am; when spring winds whisper sweet, In the meadows where the daisies make a carpet for your feet: Where the nestin' birds are chirpin'; where the brook, in wittin' play, Goon laughin' on, a-pushin' all the lilies out his way. J. C. H.

You'll find me almost any time, a-lyin' at my ease, With the all-sing-song of the loudest, an' the trouzy sounds of the birdsong. Above me an' aroun' me, I'm a poet in my way, An' I'd rather hear the birds sing 'an' to shoot 'em, An' day!

Jes' laziness, they tell me, an' I reckon they are right. But the world's so full o' beauty: an' you can't see much at night! But different folks has different minds; nor drink from the same cup, When I'm talkin' to the illies, they're a-plovin' of 'em up!</p

